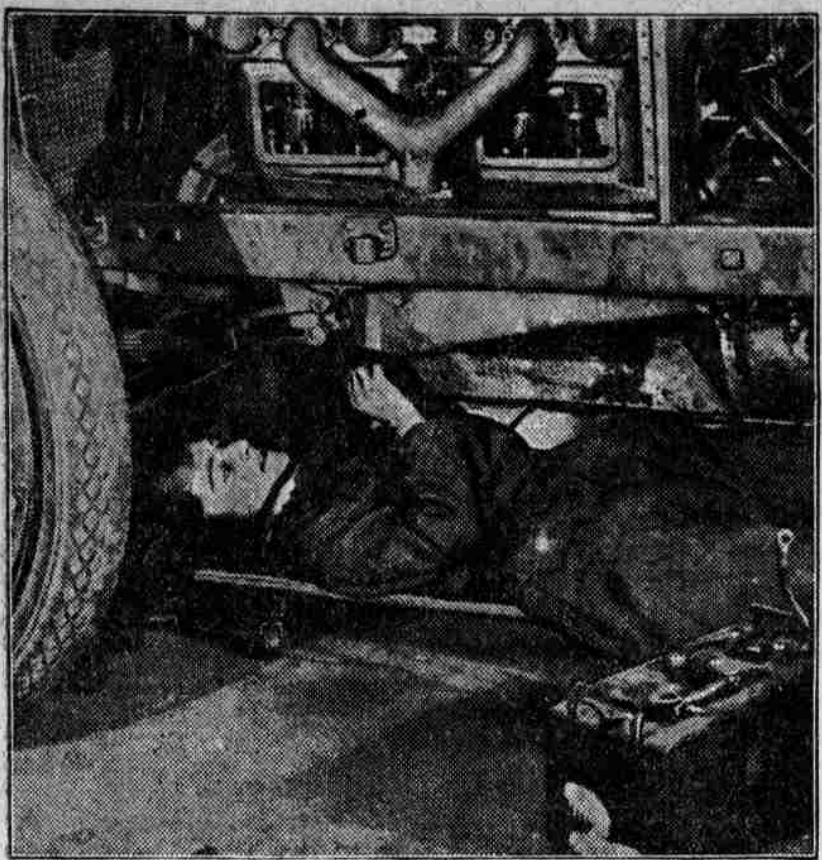


## INSTRUCTION FOR WOMEN ON AUTOMOBILE



LEARNING HOW TO REPAIR AUTOMOBILE.

To prepare for eventualities in the great war, the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York has instituted a course of instruction on the automobile for women.

A few months ago when the war cloud was not so heavy and hung not so low the course was not as complete as it is now. The present program takes in everything about the automobile, A to Z, driving, repairing, etc.

Within a few weeks the women taking the course will be graduate chauffeurs and mechanics, and will be ready then to drive automobiles or ambulances or any other sort of motorvehicle to which they may be assigned.

## TOURING CAR CARE

Writer Gives Interesting Account of His Experience.

## EXAMINES BEFORE EACH TRIP

Uses None But Cleanest Water in Radiator and Gasoline Is Strained to Remove Dirt—Carefully Avoid All Stones.

I have owned and used a touring car for two years, the machine with complete equipment costing me \$1,080, and I consider it one of the best investments I have ever made, writes O. A. Choate in Farm Progress. I have given the car the best of care and it now looks better than many I see which have been in use only a few months.

I examine it before each trip to see that all bolts, nuts and connections are in place and tight. I am careful to use none but the cleanest of water in the radiator and see that the engine has plenty of oil. In filling the gasoline tank, I strain the gasoline through channels to remove water and dirt, thus preventing trouble with the carburetor later on. I always carry a half gallon of oil and a gallon of gasoline in the tool box for emergencies.

When I purchased the car I took my instruction book and gave the machine careful and thorough study, learning what each part was and what it was for, and I have so far not failed in being my own garage man. I start and stop easily and carefully, applying the clutch and brakes gradually. The sudden throwing on of the brakes locks the wheels, causing them to slide and grind the surface of the tires, soon wearing out the tread. In turning corners I slow up, throw out the clutch, allowing the car to coast, so as to avoid skidding, which ruins tires in a short time.

## Drives at Moderate Speed.

I drive at a moderate speed, 15 to 25 miles per hour. I consider 10 miles at 40 miles an hour does more harm to an auto than 100 miles at 20 miles per hour. I keep a good lookout for sharp stones and avoid them as much as possible and always go over bad places slowly. I examine the tires every few days for cuts and bruises that let sand and moisture through the rubber tread to the fabric of the tire, which soon rots and causes a blowout. I have a vulcanizer which cost \$1.80, and vulcanize the bad spots on the tires. I also have a tire gauge and test the tires once a week.

I do my own valve grinding, doing this every 40 or 60 days, depending on the amount of running the car does. I coat the edge of the valve head with valve grinding paste, which I buy in tubes and turn back and forth with a short motion till the edge of the part and the valve show bright all the way around. While doing this I repeatedly shift the valve around so as to grind evenly. I am careful not to get any of the paste in the cylinders, as it would injure them. Only one make of oil of the best grade is used on my car. I once changed to a different brand of oil as I could buy it a little cheaper, but soon found that the motor was not running as well as formerly.

## Proper Lubrication.

The best insurance of freedom from trouble is proper lubrication of the entire machine. Lubrication charts were furnished with my machine, but I find it is better to learn by actual observation the amount and frequency of lubrication required than to rely entirely upon the chart. Weather and road conditions and the method of driving the car have as great an influence as does the actual mileage traveled.

I am particular about keeping the

motor clean. I apply kerosene with a scrub brush, which is very effective in removing accumulations of dirt and grease. In washing out the radiator and cylinder jackets I use a mixture of common washing soda and water two or three times a year to loosen up all scale sediment. After this process the cooling system is thoroughly rinsed with clean water. I keep the outside of the radiator clean and see that the air passages at the bottom do not become clogged with mud. With a sponge, a large woolen cloth and clean water the body of the car is kept bright and clean. I have an especially built house or garage in which the machine is kept when not in use. It is jacked up and the axles allowed to rest on supports, which takes the weight off the tires. It is the little care given regularly that counts and keeps the auto up in trim.

## HANDY FOR WOMAN MOTORIST

Narrow Black Ribbon Worn Under Chin and Passing Over Top of Hat Holds It Firmly.

For the woman who motors and likes the little touches that are at once smart and utilitarian, the department stores are displaying a fetching novelty. This is a band of rather narrow



When Breezes Blow.

black ribbon to be worn under the chin and passing completely over the top of the hat, holding it firmly, baffling any wind, no matter how strong, and taking the place of the uncertain and frequently uncomfortable hatpin. An adjustable sliding catch keeps the contraption snugly in place, and a saucy little artificial flower provides the finishing touch of bright color.

## TRANSFORM LIFE IN COUNTRY

Farmer Now Enjoys All City Life Advantages Through Fast Transportation—Aid to Women.

Inhabitants of cities are well acquainted with the changed conditions as a result of the coming of the automobile.

They realize its social advantages as well as its business and pleasure achievements, but, as a whole, they do not appreciate the transformation it has brought about in the rural districts, especially in relation to the women on the farms.

The motor car has been referred to as making life worth living, from a pleasure standpoint, for the isolated country people.

The general use of the automobile has given the farmer practically all the advantages of the city life without taking him away from his lifelong occupation.

The motor car has remade the farmer's wife and daughter. Intercommunication with neighbors and townspeople, by means of the automobile, has given them a new lease of life. No longer do they pass all their time in the seclusion of their homes.

## THE OLD, OLD STORY

By EARL REED SILVERS.

Spring whispered a few magic words to the heart of Dennis McCarty, and Dennis straightway conceived a sudden longing for the companionship of Lettie Kellogg. Lettie was the only girl Dennis McCarty knew. And so Dennis ran a rough-toothed comb through a shock of curly blond hair, and he took himself in the direction of Lettie's home.

It takes all kinds of people to make up a world, including the patriot who gets married in order to escape military duty, and so the Kelloggs and the Gordons lived in happy ignorance of one another. But spring plays strange pranks upon the heart of youth; and at the very moment when Dennis McCarty set sail for the Kellogg tenement, Percival Gordon leaped into his high-powered limousine and directed his car toward the mansion of Lorraine Pennington.

Dennis noticed him as he turned into the exclusive Parkway drive and promptly forgot all about him. Plodding his way down California street, on the far end of which Lettie lived, Dennis had other things to think about.

Miraculously, Lettie was sitting on the small front porch when Dennis reached her home.

"You're looking fine tonight," Dennis remarked. "How'd you like to take a walk up the drive?"

Lettie assured him that she would like it very much. Arm in arm they strolled down the dimly lighted street, turned into Parkway drive and made their slow way in the direction of the lake. It was a silent walk for the most part. Having found Lettie, Dennis didn't know exactly what to say to her. Strange dreams encompassed him; dreams which to do with buying furniture on the installment plan, with giving Lettie his weekly pay envelope, and with returning home from work at night to find Lettie in the kitchen, her face flushed and her lips framing a welcome.

He experienced a sudden desire to tell Lettie something about it, but somehow his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth whenever he attempted it. They came finally to the end of the drive. A single path wended its way among the shadows along the shore of the lake. They both stopped.

"Shall we go on?" Dennis asked.

"Yes, let's."

They went on. The path was hardly broad enough for two and so it was necessary for Dennis to hold his companion's arm more tightly than ever. But Lettie smiled at him when he helped her over a particularly difficult spot, and, taking courage, Dennis slipped his own muscled arm around the girl's slim waist. Then he held his breath.

Nothing happened. Lettie's head drooped ever so slightly toward Dennis' shoulder, and the silence continued. From somewhere upon the lake came the sound of merry laughter, and Dennis snatched his arm away as if it had been stung by a bee.

They came to a bench which was nestled among some bushes at the very edge of the water. Actuated by the same purpose, they both stopped.

"Shall we sit down?" Dennis asked.

"Yes, let's."

They sat down. Dennis permitted his arm to hang gracefully over the back of the bench, and Lettie sat demurely at his side, her hands in her lap, her eyes gazing out into the blackness of the water. Nonchalantly Dennis picked up one of Lettie's chubby hands and examined it critically.

"Gee!" he remarked. "You've got pretty hands."

"They ain't any different from any other hands, are they?"

"Yes; they're nice and soft."

"All girls' are."

"No, they ain't."

Lettie sat up suddenly.

"How do you know?" she demanded. Dennis reddened.

"I—I don't know much about it," he explained, "but my sister's hands ain't like yours, and neither is my mother's."

There was a silence. Then:

"Gee, it's a great night, ain't it?"

"Just grand."

"It makes a feller feel sort of funny."

"What do you mean, 'sort of funny'?"

"Well, I don't know." A pause. "Gee, Lettie, you got nice hands."

"Like 'em?"

"Yes."

Suddenly, from out of the darkness of the lake, a canoe glided almost noiselessly and bumped against the bank directly beneath where Lettie and Dennis were sitting. Lettie moved a little farther away, and both strained their eyes for a glimpse of the two figures sitting in the canoe. They could see nothing, but presently a man's voice pierced the silence.

"You've got the most beautiful hands I've ever seen," it said. "I just love to touch them."

"Aren't they the same as any other girls'?" a soft voice questioned.

"I don't know anything about any other girl's hands, but I do know that yours are the most beautiful in the world."

"Percy, you darling."

And the silence which followed was eloquent proof of the fact that the old, old story is ever new—and that Percival Gordon knew more about girls than did Dennis McCarty.

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## Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

## ALCOHOL AND THE SOLDIER.

Does the use of alcohol prevent a man from being a good soldier? Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart, dean of the medical faculty in Sydney, Australia, thinks that this question is a most pertinent one, and that it is the angle from which nations today should discuss the drink problem. He says that alcohol does prevent a man from being a good soldier and that military men and scientists have proved it. We quote:

"Alcohol is subversive of discipline, and robs a man of his prudence, judgment, conscientiousness and higher morality. The development of the human brain took countless years, but alcohol works a change quickly, and brings a man to the level of a beast in a few minutes. Alcohol has also had a great influence on the sexual passion, and the diseases which result are the shame and bane of the military authorities."

"I have seen 400 men in one day in one place. They all came from one military camp, and alcohol was the indirect cause of all their misery. When one man asks another, 'What is your poison?' he does not know how correctly in a scientific sense he is speaking."

## OUTLOOK FOR DISTILLERS.

Mida's Criterion, leading spokesman of the whisky and wine trade, very sensibly tells the distillers that a prohibition future does not look so dark after all—and incidentally deals a blow to the compensation plea. We are glad to pass on this optimistic view, because once assured the distillers that they will lose no money through prohibition and we shall hear no more from them about "personal liberty." Says Mida's:

"In the next five years there will be an average of not under 5,000,000 motor cars in the United States. With eight miles to the gallon for fuel and 32 miles average per day would equal four gallons of fuel per day per car, or 20,000,000 gallons per day total, with a total of 7,000,000,000 gallons per year. Add to this 500,000 motor trucks averaging 10 gallons per day, we would have 1,750,000,000 gallons more, or a total of 8,750,000,000 gallons of fuel for the year. This would certainly tax the capacity of every distillery in the land, and, besides, denatured alcohol for fuel does not require a \$1.10 per gallon tax from the government."

## BEER AND WINE.

Alcoholized blood starves and taints the brain cells and allied nervous system. Psychic brain cells bathed in toxic blood do not give safety and logical surety to the movements of the mind. Alcoholics should be classed with the other poisons and their use as beverages discarded. Medical men have had testimony from laboratory, hospital, and fatal family pathologic lineage and sequence testimony against alcohol as an unsafe drink, forceful for harm beyond former estimate. Even in their mildest forms of dilution, as in wines, beers, and ales, alcoholics are not fit for the family table, the social club, or the public bar.—Dr. Charles F. Hughes, Editor of the Alienist and Neurologist.

## "PERSONAL LIBERTY."

When Billy Sunday was conducting meetings in Milwaukee, he, according to custom, sent invitations to the large department stores and other industrial concerns to be present on special evenings. Inasmuch as Mr. Sunday always has something forceful to say concerning the liquor traffic, the brewers expressed their disapproval of the whole proceeding by asking Milwaukee business houses to forbid their employees attending the meetings. A manager of one of the department stores thought this too good to keep to himself. He had copies of the letter printed and on the reverse side an urgent invitation to the meetings, with comment on the brewers' particular brand of "personal liberty."

## STRANGE UPRISING.

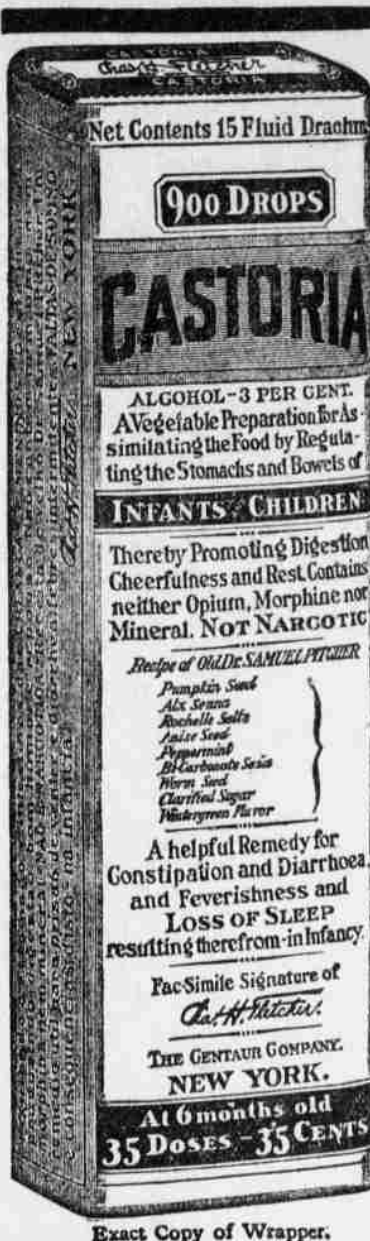
"A preacher said to me: 'Isn't it strange—this mighty uprising against the liquor evil?' I replied: 'The only strange thing about it is that any decent man, in view of what he has seen, should have hesitated to destroy it.' I resent the fact that my father and grandfather did not have sense and conscience enough to do it before I was born, so that I could have gone about my Father's business."

## ANTICIPATING DRY DISTRICT.

The National Capital brewery of Washington, in anticipation of a dry district, is preparing to convert its beer factory into an ice cream establishment.

## BETTER JOBS FOR SALOONMEN.

More workmen lose their jobs because saloons are open than would be the case were the saloons to be closed. When liquor puts a man out of a job it unfits him for another job. When no license puts a bartender out of a job it makes him a wealth-producing workman. It is better that the bartender should lose his job and get a better one than that dozens of the poor unfortunate patrons of the saloon should lose their jobs and be unfitted to fill any job if they were able to secure one.



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

J. H. Fitch

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

## Forgot the Umbrella.

One of Chauncey Mitchell Depew's best stories is the story of the spotted dog, which as a boy he bought from a local dog dealer. "The next morning it was raining," he says, "and I took the dog out into the woods, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off. I trotted the dog back to the dealer."

"Look at this animal," I said. "The spots have all 'washed off.'"

"Great guns, boy!" he replied, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get the umbrella?"

## KIDNEY REMEDY

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

There is no medicine which we handle that gives such good results as your Swamp-Root. Many of our customers have informed us at different times that they have derived great benefit from its use.

There was one case in particular which attracted a great deal of attention in this neighborhood. Early last Spring, as the gentleman's life was despaired of and two doctors treating him for liver and kidney trouble were unable to give him any relief. Finally a specialist from St. Louis was called in but failed to do him any good. I at last induced him to try your Swamp-Root and after taking it for three months, he was attending to his business as usual and is now entirely well. This case has been the means of creating an increased demand for your Swamp-Root with us.

Very truly yours,  
L. A. RICHARDSON, Druggist,  
May 27, 1916. Marine, Illinois.

## Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

## Knowledge of Trees.

Children cannot learn all the trees at once, but if on each walk they can get acquainted with one and have their eyes opened to the thousand wonders along the countryside, gradually they will accumulate a store of delightful knowledge and inspiring interest. There is no better time than now to begin one's study of trees.—Exchange.

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, itchy Eyes, all healed promptly with night applications of Roman Eye Balm. Adv.

You can get a lot for your money by patronizing a real estate dealer.

New York in 1916 entertained 603 conventions.

## Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre. The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable as industry as grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, convenient climate, excellent. There is an annual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

W. S. NETHERY, Room 82, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, O.  
Canadian Government Agent

